

himself, though there is nothing to suggest that the resemblance was intended. Yet in spite of the author's sympathy, latent or avowed, it can hardly be maintained that Byron's personality as presented in Cadurcis is really attractive ; though in that perhaps the picture was only true to life. Far more pleasing is the presentation of Shelley in the person of Marmion Herbert. Disraeli had less in common with Shelley than with Byron; but in strange combination with Byron's ambitious egoism he had also something of Shelley's power of seeing visions of the future, and he had studied Shelley's poetry as closely as he had studied Byron's. Meredith's diary gives us a glimpse of him, during their enforced stay at Falmouth on the way to the East, deep in the *Cenci*, and he had pursued his studies later, as the *Revolutionary ~EpieTc* shows. In the matter of personal details Tita<sup>1</sup> served him as an authority for Shelley as well as for Byron ; and in the year in which *Venetia* was begun, Disraeli, it will be remembered, had also made the acquaintance of that 'strange character' Trelawny, the friend of Byron and Shelley, who in company with Byron had burnt Shelley's body on the Tuscan shore. Whether Tita or Trelawny was the source, the accuracy of the personal touches is attested by high authority.<sup>2</sup> Herbert, we are assured, <sup>1</sup> is drawn in conformity with the most orthodox Shelleyan tradition'; the picture of his appearance in youth is the picture also of Shelley's, and the details of the final catastrophe are in strict accordance with the fact. Even the colloquy between Herbert and Cadurcis, in which Cadurcis by comparison is so flippant and unsatisfying, is derived almost word for word as regards Herbert's portion from Shelley's *Discourse on the Manners of the Ancients*, a work then known to few. In one respect, indeed, the portrait is hardly faithful. It ignores too much perhaps the element in Shelley's character which.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix A.

<sup>2</sup> The late Dr. Garnett in a privately printed essay, *Lord Beaconsfield and Shelley*.